

Then the troops began to hound him,  
And he wrapped his blanket round him,  
And he called his braves to follow, and he smote  
    them hip and thigh.  
But the hosts grew vast and vaster,  
And the whirlwind of disaster  
Drove him out into mountains and beneath an alien sky.

Through the continental ridges,  
Over tottering torrent bridges,  
By the verge of black abysses, in the shade of  
    mountains hoar;  
Herds and wives and children bearing,  
Months he journeyed, toiling, daring,  
With an army trailed behind him and another crouched  
    before

Thrice the sudden blow descended,  
Roar and flash and clashing blended;  
Twice his rear-guard faced and checked them till the  
    hunted tribe were free.  
Once he reeled, but swiftly rallied,  
Forth upon the spoilers sallied,  
Drove them headlong into shelter, captured all their  
    cannonry.

But the mountains could not shield him,  
And the snowy heights revealed him,  
And the false friends would not aid him, and his goal  
    was far away;  
Burdened by his weak and wounded,  
Stripped and harried and surrounded,  
Still the chieftain of the Northland, like a lion, stood  
    at bay.

From the freedom that he sought for,  
From the dear land that he fought for,  
He is given by a nation that has spurned its plighted  
    word;  
By the Christians who have given  
To the heathen—gracious heaven!—  
With the one hand theft and falsehood, with the other  
    ball and sword.